

STILTON HERO:

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P O E M.

O Tempora ! O Mores !



L O N D O N :

Printed for M. COOPER, at the *Globe* in *Pater-*
Noster Row. 1745.

STILLTON HERO:

A

P O E M.

O Tempore ! O Mores !



L O N D O N :

Printed for M. COOPER, at the Globe in Patern-
Noster Row. 1745.

And light of every storm that blow'd
 Across the wavy World he rode
 And did a thousand Fears beside
 That Mortal never felt before
 --- Mere Trifles all! and Children's Play!

STILTON HERO:

A P O E M.

With all his Fears you never read
STEEDS and the Man I sing; the Man
 Whose Equal point, if point you can.—
 His Equal point? at least we'll try;
 'Tis *Virgil's* Hero:—'tis a Lie.
 5 Or if you'll aim to prove it true,
 Pray what did *Virgil's* Hero do?
 He fought; that's true,—and fought so well
 Ev'n *Turnus'* Ghost he sent to Hell;

But

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And

And spight of every Storm that blow'd

10 Across the watry World he rode ;

And did a thousand Feats beside

That Mortal never did nor try'd ---

—Mere Trifles all! and Children's Play!

To the great Hero of to-day!

15 Immortal THORNHILL ! let his Name

Shine foremost in the Rolls of Fame.

With all his Feats you never read

Aeneas cross'd the fiery Steed ;

— And like an Arrow from a Bow,

20 Or Satan passing to and fro,

From *Stilton* flew to Town ; and then

To *Stilton* ; and to Town again ;

In Twelve Hours Space the Journey o'er,

A Brace of hundred Miles, and more.

But

- 25 But grant *Aeneas* (if you please)
 Accomplish'd greater Deeds than these,
 Ev'n still that Hero cannot shine
 With half the native Worth of mine.
Aeneas fail'd, and fought, you cry,
 30 But Heav'n was ever aiding by ;
 Man by himself at best is frail ;
 But with his God he cannot fail.
 The Man I sing, in all his Deeds
 Had no Assistant but his Steeds ;
 35 Or Satan, pow'rful Prince of Air
 Perhaps was Guardian-Angel there :
 Tho' some suspect, and some have said
 He thought to see him flung, and dead :
 But all's a Cheat, the Danger's past ;
 40 Safe sat our Hero to the last :

But, Satan! for a While attend,
 A Fever may be still your Friend.—
 Pray what has *Drake* and *Anson* done?
 Why made one Journey of the Sun;
 45 But what of that? you never knew,
 That ever *Drake* or *Anson* flew.

Be serious, Muse, be grave as I—g,
 And let the Vice of Man be sung.
 Being there was, whom GOD we call,
 50 E'er Sun, or Star, or earthly Ball,
 Or aught beside Existence felt,
 And in Eternity he dwelt.
 To make his Pow'r, and Goodness known,
 He circled Angels round his Throne,
 55 Second of Beings; next in Birth
 Was Man, an Angel plac'd on Earth;

Titled a Lord, tho' made of Clay,
 And Millions put beneath his Sway;
 Millions (their Sphere observ'd so well)
 60 That like their Sov'reign never fell.
 Yet Things by Names how strange we call!
 Man thinks he never fell at all;
 But acts as him to act behov'd,
 And State call'd worse, is State improv'd.
 65 His Lordship is a Thing resign'd,
 Too mean for his exalted Mind;
 He swells a Tyrant—that's to rise;
 Such was our Parent *Eve's* Surmise;
 She pluck'd—the eat—so light she trod,
 70 She dreamt herself *divine* as God,
 So sink her Sons, and grov'ling lie,
 Yet dream of towering to the Sky;
 Or dream at least, they keep their Sphere,
 When madly—cruelly severe:

75 When very Monsters, still can show
That God Almighty made them so.

(How of his world order'd so well)

But Brutes the harmless, and the mild,
With Spot of Guilt still undefil'd,

Those Friends of Man, when kindly us'd,

80 Why, by the Man they serve, abus'd?

For Man procuring Ease and Gain,

Why put by Man to needless Pain?

But most be mourn'd the gen'rous Steed,

Best Friend!—a Friend in Time of Need!

85 That proudly bears you near or far,

As turns the various Chance of War,

That darts you full amidst your Foes,

And while you deal successful Blows,

Paws where they fall, and with his Tread

90 Majestic, stamps the dying dead.

When madly—cruelly—

Then

Then neighs aloft, the Host o'erthrown,
And deems the Battle half his own:

Or when full fore the Battle goes,
And close pursue a Host of Foes,

95 The Steed that lends you Wing of Wind,
To throw Death panting far behind,

Why for Man's Sport, that impious too,
Must this kind generous Creature rue?

To please his Mind, or please his Eye

100 Why stretch, and sweat, and pant, and die?

Why does not Man at once complain

That Heav'n has giv'n him Limbs in vain?

In vain, because he wants the Pow'r

To walk a Thousand Miles an Hour?

105 And why not lop these Arms away?

If Legs are useless, useless they;

For what's an Arm that can't suffice
 To grasp the Globe, and reach the Skies?
 Why not with ardent Soul implore,

110 Till Heav'n has lent him Wings to soar?
 Yet were his Shoulders hung with Wings,
 Ev'n these would flutter useless Things:

To fly a thousand Miles a Minute,
 Would then, alas! have nothing it:

115 The only Wonder still would be
 Affected Contrariety.

Man would not then to Fame aspire

By Flight till he could soar no higher;

To reach it wou'd he never his Head

120 With all the Speed that Light'nings fly.

To sink and keep for ever low,

And try the Pitch of moving slow;

To lick the Dust, and merely crawl,

Would, doubtless, then be all in all.

125 If then of Fame you would not fail,
 'Twere his that best cou'd ape the Snail
 To see *One* creep a whole Day long,
 How would it please the wond'ring Throng!
 Gain but a Foot—an Inch—a Hair,
 130 And how would stupid Thousands stare!
 Not more the Crowds that madly try'd
 To see the *Stilten* Hero ride
 How Men would wager *Pro* and *Con*!
 What Sums would then be lost and won!
 135 If well or ill the Chief perform,
 How some would leap, and others storm!
 Some blame—some praise—some swear—some
 Get drunk, and revel out the Night! [fight!
 O! when will Mortals smile content?
 140 And be what GOD and Nature meant?
 When to his Lot conform his Mind?
 And move in Sphere by Heav'n design'd?

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But

But whither, Humour, art thou fled?
 And why this Hyppo in thy Stead?—
 145 Agam I feel the merry Vein,
 And to my Hero suit my Strain.
 When *Marlbrough* fought, the *British* Pride,
 Vict'ry still smiling on his Side,
 How did the Hero cut and slay!
 150 And lavish human Lives away!
 The *French*, by Thousands dropp'd, or fled,
 And choak'd the *Danube* with their Dead:
 All *Britain* with his Praises rung,
 And Bards divine his Battles sung;
 155 And down to *George the Second's* Time,
Marlbrough resounds in Talk, and Rhyme.
 The Hero sleeps, his State the same,
 As, had the World forgot his Name.

- So shall the Hero of my Lays
 160 Have his—and more than *Marlborough's* Praise.
 He never stopt a Mortal's Breath,
 And only rid his Steeds to Death ;
 Yet did what thro' the World shall ring
 Till *Fred'ric's* Son is *Britain's* King.
 165 Rapt to that Day in Elbow-Chair,
 I hear a Sire protest and swear,
 " It may be rid," his Children smile,
 " In Fifteen Hours Two Hundred Mile !"
 Impossible ! 'tis unbeliev'd,
 170 The Feat can never be achiev'd :
 " It can, 'twas done, as I'm alive,
 " In Seventeen Hundred Forty-five :
 " *THORNHILL* of *Salisbury* was the Man,—
 " And what one has, another can."
 175 To put the Thing beyond all Doubt,
 That *Thornhill* of *Salisbury* was the Man.

So shall the Hero of my lays

160 Have his name and more than many a name
Ev'n *Charles the Hero of Lorrain,*

Whate'er his Wonders this Campaign,

(And Heav'n direct some glorious Dart,

180 *Prussia!* thro' thy mad Prince's Heart!"

Will ne'er atchieve a greater Thing

165 Than make Men talk, and Poets sing.

I hear a sire protest and swear,

"It may be rid," his Children smile,

"In Fifteen Hours Two Hundred Mile!"

Impossible! 'tis believ'd,

170 The Feet can never be believ'd:

"It can," 'twas done, as I'm alive,

"In Seventeen Hundred Forty-five:

"Thornhill of Switz was the Man--

"And what one has, another can."

175 To put the Thing beyond all Doubt,

These Rhymes of mine were tann'd out.

Ev'n